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THE EXECUTIVE AS HERO

— John P. Sisk

THE

Commonweal

Power Vacuum

POLICY OF DRIFT

by C. K. Yearley, Jr.

The Real Debate

CHOOSE YOUR WEAPONS

by Robert C. Good

Volume LXV, No. 5 November 2, 1956 Twenty Cents

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PAID POLIT... ADVERTISEMENT

Support Stevenson-Kefauver Ticket!

The General Executive Board of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, at a special meeting on Sept. 19, 1956, with Pres. David Dubinsky presiding, endorsed Adlai Stevenson for President of the United States and Senator Estes Kefauver for Vice President. Text of the endorsement follows:

Nearly four years of Republican rule have demonstrated that party's unchanging devotion to the special interests of big business. The present Administration has shaped public policy in a manner most pleasing to the representatives of corporate wealth who are among its chief lieutenants and who have been most influential in guiding the Chief Executive.

The re-election of Eisenhower and Nixon could therefore mean only four more years in which the pressing needs of the people are held secondary to the insistent demands of the corporations. Specifically, it would condemn the nation to another term in which, if there were any change at all, it could only be for the worse, with even the minor restraints of General Eisenhower weakened by the rising power of Nixon.

Today, as was not the case in 1952, a vote for Eisenhower is a vote for Nixon, carrying with it an endorsement of Nixon's reactionary and anti-labor record.

The nation needs policies of adequate tax relief for lower income families, more schools, a decent health program, proper relief for the farmer, more housing. It cannot long tolerate the wasteful giving away of natural resources for private exploitation, the spread of state so-called "right-to-work" laws made possible by the Taft-Hartley Act, which remains unrepealed and unamended despite the President's promise of changes, the administration of labor-management laws by personnel hostile to organized labor's aims, the lagging level of social security legislation.

Adlai Stevenson and Estes Kefauver are campaigning on a platform and pledges which would insure a return of the nation to those policies in which the general welfare of all the people is the primary aim.

At a time when the nation needs leadership rather than platitudes and the world grows more doubtful of our ability to provide guidance in the community of free nations, our best hope, we are convinced, after reviewing the record of the present Administration, lies in the election of Stevenson and Kefauver.

We, therefore, endorse the candidacy of Adlai Stevenson for President of the United States and Estes Kefauver for Vice President of the United States and urge the members of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union to register so that they may be eligible to vote for them in November, to spare no effort and to give unstinting aid in the campaign to elect them and at the same time to work for election of liberal candidates to the U. S. Senate, to the House of Representatives, and to the state legislatures.

General Executive Board,
INTERNATIONAL LADIES'
GARMENT WORKERS' UNION
David Dubinsky, President

(This advertisement paid for by the ILGWU 1956 Campaign Committee)

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-THIRD YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

BEFORE THE ELECTION

THIS YEAR'S campaign presents the nation with an uncomfortable paradox. History has thrust upon America responsibilities of staggering proportions, responsibilities under which we will labor for years. We accept them without choice, and we could not delegate them if we wished. Yet many voters of both parties—even those who were most committed during the election of 1952—seem relatively indifferent this year about selecting the candidate who will, under the weight of these responsibilities, help form the future of our country and the world. One must ask why, in a time of decision, there is a general mood of apathy.

There have been repeated comparisons between this election campaign and the last. Those who attempt to account for their own apathy or lessened interest find the reasons in the men and the circumstances. And they are partly right in doing so. If we had a great crusader who would sweep all before him in a victorious march through the future, we ourselves could become little crusaders. If we were presented with a leader of such apparent and towering greatness that admittedly complex problems would graciously yield to his cogent and insistent probings, our choice could be gloriously committed. If, failing such leaders, we could follow purely a set of high principles separated from the harsh complexities of time and circumstance, we could be superior to our situation. Alas, even those who thought they had such a choice in 1952 realize that these are not the alternatives we face in 1956.

We will elect for President either Adlai E. Stevenson or Dwight D. Eisenhower, both fallible and limited men who must, on important issues, deal with extreme and dissident groups within their respective parties. For a voter to say that he is dissatisfied with the platform of either party is to say little. Neither candidate can be completely satisfied with his party or with all of his supporters. All this is to say that the choice with which the voter is faced is not what he would, ideally, desire. And his decision will be at once more complex, less decisive, less satisfying than commitment to a crusader or to a leader who would relieve him of anxieties about the future.

But to avoid the decision or to sink into apathy is to shirk responsibility, for there are real differences between the two candidates and their parties, differences which could alter the course of our national and individual history.

THOSE DIFFERENCES can be emphasized by isolating issues of our domestic and our foreign policy and considering how they would be dealt with after the election. One of the most significant issues within our country is that of segregation. Here Dwight D. Eisenhower has made several sound proposals. He can act and speak for a party that accepts the goal to be achieved. But, although he has made sound proposals, he has not actively worked for them. In a position to act strongly he has relinquished much of his leadership. As a candidate of the Democratic Party, Adlai Stevenson cannot speak with the full support of his political supporters, for many are openly opposed to the Supreme Court decision and to desegregation. Mr. Stevenson, however, while retaining a moderate position, firmly endorsed the Court decision when he spoke in Little Rock, Arkansas. He is a strong leader who guides a divided party.

On issues of foreign policy Adlai Stevenson has a clear advantage. For here it is the Republican Party that is divided. One of the President's real achievements is to have imposed a measure of

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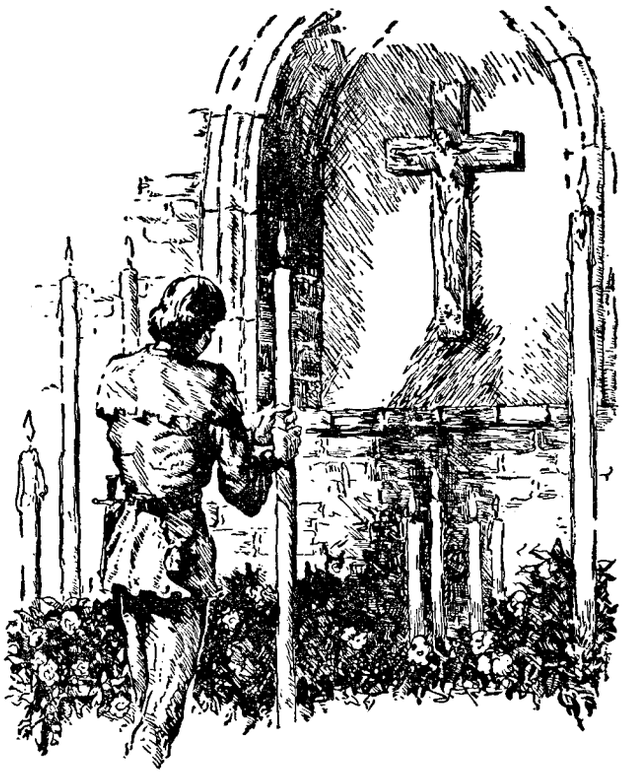

"Measuring Up" to a Saint

In France and England during the Middle Ages it was the custom of wealthy parishioners to donate candles tall as themselves for use on shrine altars.

This practice gave rise to the expression of "measuring up" to a saint.

People of moderate circumstances brought flowers and later, small candles—simple offerings which gradually evolved into the present day Vigil Light.*

Today, Vigil Lights burn before countless shrines and side altars throughout the world, serving as public acts of faith—external symbols of private devotion encouraging others among the faithful to pray in their hour of need or thanksgiving.

*Vigil Light is the trade mark name identifying votive lights made exclusively by Will & Baumer.

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THE COMMONWEAL
386 FOURTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 16

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Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Orange, Conn., under the act of March 3, 1879. Published weekly, printed and copyrighted 1956 in the U. S. A. by the Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y., MUrray Hill 3-9685

U. S. and Canada, $8 a year. Foreign, $10. Single copies 20¢

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uniformity, if not unity, on the dissident factions within his own party. By his personal, military prestige and his own desire to conciliate, he has done what few Republican Presidents could, gag the Old Guard Republicans. But he has often done this at the expense of foreign affairs, by allowing problems to drift to their solution. It has been Mr. Stevenson's necessary task to stir the electorate from the pleasant repose such drifting allows.

Such considerations do not make the voter's choice easy; they do make clear that a real choice exists. Though we can hear of crises, anxieties and problems until the words themselves become anodynes, we cannot afford the luxury of relaxation—or apathy. In such eventful times as ours, no single man will determine history. But he who is President of the United States has the opportunity, the task, to guide it. There are significant differences between the candidates. Where apathy exists the fault lies less in the circumstances or the candidates than it does in the voter. History will reflect the choice he makes.

RETREAT FROM MOSCOW

IT WAS of bread and freedom that M. Gomulka spoke to the Central Committee of the Polish Communist Party. Having rejected Nikita Khrushchev's personal demand that "liberalization" in Poland be halted, Gomulka also rejected Khrushchev's thesis that heavy industry must have priority over consumer goods in a Communist economy. Pointing to Poland's serious economic ills, which he blamed on policies dictated in Moscow, Gomulka warned that wages must be increased, food shortages alleviated and a new agricultural policy devised to replace "the stupidity of agricultural policy in the past."

Of freedom, Gomulka said: "The roads to Socialism may be various. . . . Every country has the right to be sovereign and independent. I would say it begins to be so." And the beginning was made at Poznan, as Gomulka indicated when he said of the riots: "The working class taught the Government a painful lesson. The Poznan workers demonstrating in the streets called with a loud voice, 'Enough of this; one cannot live like this; we must return from the wrong way.' "

There were indications that Hungary, too, might "return from the wrong way." Hungarian students have submitted a demand for greater freedom to their government, and have threatened to demonstrate in the streets if the demands are not met. Meanwhile, the central leadership of Hungary's Communist Party will shortly consider a decentralization of the country's economy in favor of a semi-syndicalism of workers' councils similar to that of Yugoslavia.

These and similar events in Poland and Hungary are, in large measure, due not only to the death of Stalin but also to the fact that President Tito of Yugoslavia, the architect of de-stalinization and national Communism in the satellite countries, has demonstrated that the leaders of a satellite can defy the powers in the Kremlin and survive. Khrushchev may have proclaimed acceptance of the principle of "separate roads to Socialism," but it is clear that, in practice, Marshal Tito is directing traffic. In addition to the restiveness caused by his example in Poland and Hungary, the Communist leaders of France, Italy, Rumania and Bulgaria have made, or shortly will make, their way to Belgrade.

The free world will certainly welcome this chain of events within the Soviet orbit. First of all, we are glad that the peoples of Poland and Hungary seem to be moving toward a larger measure of freedom than they have known since the shadow of Soviet Communism fell across them a decade ago. Again, these events mark a growing divorce between Communism considered as an ideology and the USSR as an imperial power which, since the days of Stalin, has used the appeals of Communism to foster its own power and forge an empire of satellites.

Even in countries where there was not Communist control—Italy, France, the United States—the national Communist parties were used to serve the interests of the USSR rather than truly to advance the cause of the Communist ideology. As Walter Lippmann has pointed out, Titoism is a rebellion of Communists against Moscow's policy; it is "the anti-colonialism, the anti-imperialism of the Communists."

The West cannot assume that this new development will automatically favor its cause. Titoism will present the West with a challenge as great, or perhaps greater, than that offered by the monolith of Soviet Communist colonialism. The appeal of Communism as an ideology, particularly in the "uncommitted" countries of Asia and Africa, will be stronger if Communism is no longer associated with a ruthless imperialism which suborns national interests and exploits national resources to its own purposes.

If this "anti-colonialism of the Communists" spreads, as it seems likely to, the West must obviously reexamine many of the policies which it

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developed to combat the spread of the Soviet empire during the Stalin Era. If the satellites are to succeed in breaking away from the effective control of Moscow, they will, almost certainly, need economic and perhaps military help from the West of the kind which permitted Yugoslavia to achieve independence.

Without blinking at the fact that we shall be extending aid to hard-core Communists such as M. Gomulka in Poland and Imre Nagy in Hungary, we must realize that we are not trying to win these men over to our own political and economic systems, but are trying to support their attempts to break up the Soviet empire and reduce Russia to a conventional great power, less able to count on a "Communist bloc" within the UN and less able to swing the military and economic strength of that bloc to suit its own imperial ambitions throughout the world.

These may be limited gains, to be sure, but they seem to contain a hope for truer peace and greater freedom—not only in the satellites but throughout the world.

THE COMING ROAD NETWORK

EARLY LAST month *Time* magazine delivered in passing an editorial apostrophe that seems to have sputtered out almost unnoticed in the midst of other pyrotechnics of campaign oratory. Here it is in part: "The U. S., though waxing so prosperous as to create an image of a promised land, is nonetheless energized as never before by its electricity of change. Complacency is stifled in the roar of dozers driving thruways, of cranes lifting the beams for new skyscrapers, of furnaces belching out more steel, of rockets soaring to dizzy heights. Clearly there is in the U. S. of 1956 no lack of interest in the search for the New America."

It might be pointed out for one thing that in large metropolitan centers such as New York, a new skyscraper often constitutes anything but a step forward, a means to better life for the community. The new buildings may be paragons for sunlight, air and airconditioning but, with all their own restaurants and underground parking facilities storeys deep, they frequently mean multiplied congestion along already choked-up city streets.

The projected nationwide thruway system, however, could readily have an opposite effect, especially if it is to be consistently informed by a far-sighted concern for the common good. With the construction of 41,000 miles of new interstate superhighways, the possibilities for sound housing and community planning are tremendous. Industrial plants can be widely dispersed for defense and community purposes. Workers from new or already settled communities will be able conveniently to drive to work daily from forty miles out.

When to all this is added the fact that 700,000 miles of highways are to be modernized as well in the next thirteen years, it can easily be seen that this presents an unparalleled opportunity.

REPUBLICANS IN THE SOUTH

ANY POLITICAL campaign carries with it certain disappointments. This one was no exception. For us, one of them—although not the only one—was the failure of the Republican Party to develop its organized strength in the South. We do not say this, as Leonard Hall and the Republican National Committee might, out of any desire to swell President Eisenhower's total vote, but because we think that in the long run the one-party system in the South is bad for all concerned.

For years, Republican organizations in Southern states were paper tigers, important only when their delegates arrived at the nominating convention with a certain number of votes for this or that aspiring Republican candidate. But once the candidate was picked and the convention over, no one took the Republican organization in the South very seriously.

For a while it looked as if the advent of Dwight D. Eisenhower might change all that. In 1952, he made political history by cracking the Democratic solidity of the South, and there was talk of a revitalized GOP below the Mason-Dixon line. But now all that has passed. Until a few weeks ago,

NEXT WEEK

BEDE GRIFFITHS discusses the role of the layman in the Church today.

"Nowadays we realize more than ever in the past the immense need there is to redeem the world . . . to enter into its economic and social and political life and strive to bring the principles of the Gospel to bear on it, to enter into its intellectual life and try to make the influence of a Christian philosophy felt in the universities and in the arts and in the whole pattern of its culture. We live in a world which has become progressively alienated from Christianity. . . ."

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political commentators thought that President Eisenhower would not carry even one Southern state. Now they give him at least a fighting chance to carry a few. But even if President Eisenhower does manage to win a few Southern States, it will be as a result of his own personal popularity, not because the GOP has developed healthy, well organized units in the South since 1952.

This state of affairs is, we think, bad for the Republican Party, the South and the nation. It tends to make the GOP a regional party—or at least a national party exclusive of one region. It is bad for the South itself, in the same way that a one-party system is bad anywhere; there is no opportunity for responsible debate and difference of opinion, because there is no place the dissatisfied voter can go except to one of the abortive splinter movements. And if the present state of affairs is bad for the GOP and the South, it is certainly bad for the nation as a whole, for in practice the dominance of one party in the South means that a large and important section of the country is consistently cutting itself off from full participation in the nation's political system. For all these reasons, the development of a functioning two-party system in the South would represent not primarily a Republican gain but national progress, and we regret that events since 1952 have conspired to thwart this development.

EDUCATION IN THE COLD WAR

THE COLD WAR has had, all too often, the unfortunate effect of causing this nation to shape its policies into instruments of reaction against some positive action that the Communist world had initiated. To a greater degree than we like to think about or care to admit, our economy and our defense and foreign policies have had to be geared to the necessities of the cold war and the current tepid peace.

So accustomed had the nation become to countermoving the Kremlin's moves that something suspiciously like panic ensued some months ago when authoritative reports were received detailing the effective emphasis which the Russians were placing on the education of scientists and engineers. Political figures, editorial writers, business executives and military men began to shout at educators that, in the words of Lewis L. Strauss of the Atomic Energy Commission, "this nation must double its supply of engineers and scientists if it is to keep pace with the Soviet Union."

The educators often shouted in turn at the students, and many an English or history major must have felt uneasy, if not downright unpatriotic, about his congenital distaste for the sliderule or Bunsen burner.

Fortunately the educators have now begun to stop shouting at the students and have begun to reply, in civilized tones, to those who would turn American education into basic training for the cold war. At a recent meeting of the American Council of Education leading educators spoke up strongly for the need of the liberal arts in a democracy, and confessed their uneasiness at the pressures being exerted to turn the best high school graduates into technological and scientific careers.

The problem, of course, remains: how can this country retain its traditional technological and scientific superiority over the Soviet Union? A solution must be found, but we agree with those responsible educators who insist that it will not be found by siphoning off the best students into the sciences and leaving the second best to the liberal arts, keys to that wisdom above technology.

THEODORE MAYNARD

THE LATE Theodore Maynard was a writer of many gifts. He achieved eminence as a poet and critic in his younger days. He developed into a recognized historian, with an abiding interest in the Elizabethan period. (One of his best known books was *The Story of American Catholicism*, published in 1941.) He became an indefatigable biographer, especially of the saints. At the time The Commonweal started he was a convert of several years standing; he published literally scores of poems, articles and reviews in this magazine down through the years. Mr. Maynard was also well known as a teacher of English literature, having taught the subject in five different colleges and universities. He served as President of the Catholic Poetry Society of America for a number of years.

During most of his highly productive life Theodore Maynard had to contend with precarious health. In fact, several of his books were the products of periods when he was strictly confined to his sickbed. Yet his vitality and determination eventually asserted themselves and set him back on his feet. Financially, also, Theodore Maynard found life a continual struggle, yet he managed to raise and educate a large family. And he kept his spirits high. As a writer and a person he was widely beloved. May he rest in peace.

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Policy of Drift

"IN THE ABSENCE OF ANY SERIOUS COMMITMENTS IN THE MIDDLE EAST, AMERICAN DIPLOMACY PRESUMED THE SECURITY OF THE BRITISH POSITION THERE"

C. K. YEARLEY, JR.

THE CORROSION of British power in the Middle East is a process now more than four decades old. Aden, Cyprus, Malta, and Gibraltar still remain useful approaches, and the buttresses so ingeniously contrived by nineteenth century colonial architects have staved off a complete collapse of influence elsewhere. But the imperial chains that once moored the desert kingdoms to London are unlinked. War, the economic consequences of subsequent peace, anti-colonial revolutions, unique polarizations of power, all in subtle combination, have been the principal agents of attrition.

The decline of British power is so obvious, in fact, that the weak exploit it. In Egypt Naguib and Nasser are boisterously effacing the memory of Kitchener and Gordon. Along the Canal and the sprawling base that periodically invigorated and paralyzed its host state, decision currently rests with a tradition that skeptical Britons trace back to the Mamelukes. On Cyprus, less than two generations after Britain and France clashed in the Sudan, depleted Anglo-French battalions encamp jointly to guard their vestigial Middle Eastern interests. Eastward, the Palestine of Allenby, Balfour, and the Mandate has given way variously to Weizman's "shadow government," the Stern Gang, and the doughty Republic of Israel. Among the desert peoples, Arabs whose fathers marched with Lawrence are again being "swung on an idea as on a cord," but the unpledged allegiance of their minds no longer makes them the "obedient servants" of Europeans. Evaluations of these changes are apt, of course, to be contingent on one's location and one's distance from Cairo. Nonetheless, by the afterglow of empire Great Britain's imperial milestones have taken on a funereal look.

Although previously well-advanced, Britain's Middle Eastern withdrawal has commanded serious attention in Washington only in the past decade. If awareness of its consequences has been late in coming, however, it has dawned with dramatic suddenness. For the swift sapping of imperial authority after 1945 made clear the incapacity of the British further to control the nature or direction of instability within the area or, unaided, to fend off Soviet pressures from without. At the same time, disciplines imposed upon Americans by the intensification of the cold war quieted our old impulse to applaud vigorously at the interment of an empire.

As the bell tolled, American policy makers readily accepted the thesis that our own as well as European stakes in the Middle East were too substantial to abandon to chance or to the Russians. The ebbing of Western imperialism, viewed broadly, not only unbalanced the primary American defense position in Europe, but also imperiled the assets of a valued ally, jeopardized the whole scheme of containment, and encouraged the hoariest Russian diplomatic ambitions. It threatened, moreover, to deprive the Western allies of three economic and military essentials: oil, communications, and bases.

UNHAPPILY America's willingness to safeguard these interests, while seeking some broader formula that would substitute for a Pax Brittanica, was not supported by sound existing policy. Just as American diplomacy half a century earlier had been able to take the British fleet in the Atlantic and Asia for granted, so, too, in the absence of any serious commitments in the Middle East, it presumed the security of the British position there. Even until the second world war this situation could hardly have been otherwise considering our inexperience in the region.

It is true, of course, that American oil corporations had finessed their way into the Middle Eastern oil consortium during the nineteen twenties and that the State Department, periodically unnerved by prospects of an American oil famine, insisted upon a Middle Eastern "open door policy"—at least for oilmen. Yet since the effect had been to weaken the British in the area as well as to place our concerns in competition with British national policy, scant encouragement could be derived from this in the immediate post-war years. During the second world war, it is true, early Allied defeats, later Mediterranean campaigns, the funneling

Mr. Yearley is a member of the History faculty at the University of Florida.

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of aid to Russia, and three dramatic political conferences, all focused attention on the strategic significance of the Near East.

Yet none of these things, much less occasional pre-war financial missions or educational ventures, really equipped us with the breadth and depth necessary for a grasp, let alone the solution, of problems encountered there. For the region, as its spokesmen confess, is a vast agricultural slum, sunk in misery and ignorance. Where they are not primitive, many of its people are locked to the past by their ethnic and cultural patterns. Torn between the medieval and the modern, they are tragically divided among themselves; they are tantalized by present Western standards and frustrated by the stern realities of the immediate future.

Plunged into this milieu by circumstances that were not of our making, we had at least two major courses to pursue. They did not really differ substantially from choices we were obliged to make elsewhere, except as to practical method of application. We could, first of all, have established a Pax Americana by underwriting the British pre-war position unreservedly or by physically dominating the region and manipulating the groups within it ourselves. Secondly, abjuring the first policy, we could have sought intimate friendship with governments and peoples of the region whatever the risks or immediate strategic costs.

The first, or hard policy, was certainly within our physical capabilities. Such a naked display of *Machtpolitik,* however, was antithetical to our unquestioned faith in the United Nations and the peaceful institutionalization of power conflicts which it then promised. Furthermore, having followed a course of intervention and domination in the Caribbean earlier in the century we were aware of the long-run costs exacted as payment for short-term gains. Finally, with a sizable portion of the world's population embarked upon nationalist and anti-imperialist uprisings, nothing threatened to prove more unsettling to a powerful America than the prospects of being forced ruthlessly to intimidate the weak, regardless of how noisome their leaders or how opportunistic their actions may have appeared.

A soft policy, on the other hand, would have emphasized long-range gains. It would have given important factions and states within the area the reins, accepted great risks, and assumed that since our intentions were honorable, the bad intentions of the Soviet Union would ultimately drive Middle Eastern sentiment in our direction, or at least that it would drive such opinion away from a pro-Soviet position. Seductive as this course may appear, the fact is that jangled American nerves were not up to it. Only with the utmost reluctance were the Russians then being persuaded out of Iran, while their pressures on Greece and Turkey threatened momentarily in 1946 and 1947 to burst through these dikes into the Mediterranean. It would be an ironic twist indeed, if, as is now argued in some quarters, the Russians themselves, completely misjudged by the West, pursued this course of watchful waiting until 1955—and with little success.

THE CONFUSION of the postwar period was faithfully reflected by American actions, for we followed neither of these courses. Rather we moved ahead haphazardly. The result, experts generally agree, was a series of *ad hoc* policies and stop-gap programs. It would be unfair to suggest that many of the scholars and officials concerned with Middle Eastern problems were ignorant of the broader perspectives involved, but the fact remains that Middle Eastern policies were not successfully geared to global responsibilities, outside of which they made little sense.

Improvised on the spur of the moment, these haphazard programs have nevertheless yielded up a pattern of their own. Throughout there has been a distinct tendency, for example, to assume that Anglo-American interests are more nearly identical than is in fact the case. Broad areas of general agreement and a facility for working collaboratively have somewhat obscured special British and American points of view in relation to this particular region. Relative to our own, London's views are shaped not only by an imperial tradition which is still strong in the Conservative Party, but also—despite the recent growth of American interests—by more vital stakes there. Had Fortune placed a Nasser athwart the Panama Canal we could, perhaps, more quickly grasp the extent of British commitments in the Middle East. In addition, there has been a tendency for Great Britain to consider global problems in the light of her Middle Eastern position.

The United States, on the other hand, might have been expected to see the region in the light of global responsibilities, for without these the importance of the region to us could only diminish greatly. Nevertheless, we were slow to apprehend these differences. Thus, for instance, Downing Street took the stand a few years ago that inclusion of the Middle East in Western defense plans should proceed through existing British agreements with Turkey and some of the Arab states. Eventually, the United States argued for and secured new agreements, but we lagged behind considerably in realizing the necessity for integrating British policy with our own enormously greater international commitments. The Suez crisis is driving this home to us at the moment.

There has likewise been a predisposition among policy makers to credit British programs in the Middle East with greater integrity and vision than they have

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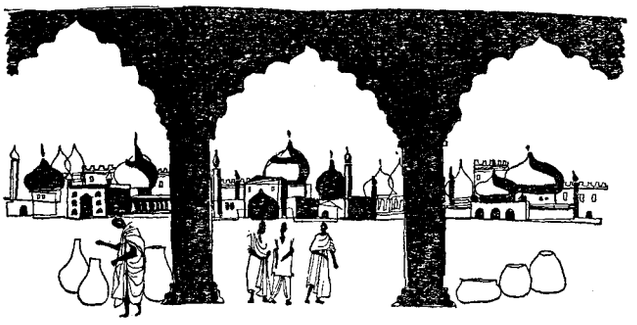
often shown, and with a greater degree of success than they have enjoyed. In part this may stem from a respect for the splendid studies which Britons have made in the region and from admiration in diplomatic circles for their unrivaled contacts and sources of intelligence. Nonetheless, these attitudes may well have hindered a fresh and imaginative American approach to Middle Eastern problems, just as they have probably prevented adequate analysis of British weaknesses.



What, after all, can be said in favor of many British policies in Palestine between the two wars, marked as they were by crass opportunism and worthless promises to both Arab and Jew? What is to be said in behalf of their vacillation in Egypt, their misjudgment of the Arab League, or their official approach to the Suez affair? Granting that a sound basis for policy has not always been present, their actions have frequently displayed a degree of expediency that scarcely does justice to the long view for which British diplomacy is renowned.

THE PATTERN of American actions, from the Truman aid program until the present, has been to place great emphasis upon the creation of military strength in the Near East and on closely related economic assistance. In part this is a reflection of national character; in part also it is a natural result of trying to bolster the British defense position. The necessity for these basic military programs may be beyond question, but their temporary character and the inordinate weight assigned them are very questionable indeed. For the poverty of the Middle East is a factor the world will have to reckon with for many more decades, and in the absence of swift material progress, ideas and attitudes take on great significance. Considering the importance of ideology and of technical assistance programs coupled with it, our neglect of this vital arm of policy has been unfortunate.

It is also regrettable that we have often presented the appearance of being a cat's-paw for British imperialism. Demagogues and propagandists, of course, were bound to accuse us of entering the Middle East as the result of British promptings. Despite the falseness of the charge, we have nevertheless ignored the necessity of countering it. While those of us in the West can freely acknowledge the positive achievements of British colonialism and while future generations of Middle Easterners will feel an obligation to do the same, we cannot afford to forget current regional impressions. We may wonder if our haste to acquire a military position in the area did not cause us to fling away advantages bestowed upon us by our anti-imperialist traditions and our reputation for being relatively disinterested in regional politics.

Whatever the colorations American actions have assumed, our Middle Eastern policies have had twists and turns peculiarly their own. Certain parallelisms aside, Anglo-American ideas have clashed on almost as many specific points as they have converged; hence it is unfair to allege that American policies have been "made in Great Britain." On the other hand, our behavior has not always been either intelligent or consistent in handling what are primarily our responsibilities in the Middle East. The marked inconsistency of American actions stems from many causes: Congressional wrangling, Executive preoccupation with other problems, lobbying, and honest differences between Presidential advisors and State Department personnel. The price we have paid has been reckoned in terms of lowered prestige and a failure to attain the desired position of strength in the area.

IN ORDER to retrieve and then advance the American position in the Middle East, experts have offered a variety of suggestions. Some have urged that we hew more closely to the lines laid down by British policy, that we make greater use of British experience. Others argue that we accept great risks and develop patient, consistent, long-range economic assistance programs administered directly where possible, and through the UN when charges of imperialism are likely to be hurled.

Yet these and many other viewpoints simply sharpen focus on the realities confronting American policy makers. Violent ferment, hypersensitive nationalism and an absence of mature leadership, when coupled with ancient regional problems, leave little room for the erection of sound policy. Secondly, there are inherent limitations upon American decisions in this as well as in most other areas of the world. We can hardly hope to control revolutions that we did not start. We cannot expect to allay bitterness and frustration which we did nothing to brew. Moreover, there ought to be lengths beyond which honorable policy will not go, regardless of how tempting the rewards of permitting one's nation to be blackmailed. Third, whatever our motives, our presence in a tangled international situation will inevitably encourage some indigenous groups to cover us with abuse, as in the Suez affair.

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On balance, despite costly errors, ten dark years have produced their brighter moments. Lacking knowledge of Soviet motivations, we can still congratulate ourselves that the Russians do not dominate the region—although we cannot yet deny that our own frantic exertions may have provoked their recent offensives. Furthermore, as their influence grows we can be assured of two things: we can, given the chance, probably outmatch them in any race to supply technical assistance to the peoples of the region, and on terms more favorable to the recipients; we can also be sure that Russian involvement will subject them to the same problems, embarrassments and antipathies that we ourselves have faced. Our disagreements aside, we can also draw comfort from the maneuverability that is often permitted us by our partnership with Great Britain. Remembering the Korean War, the fulminations of the MacArthur school and our proximity to a third global conflict, few wise men would now argue that restraints imposed upon us by Great Britain were contrary to our advantage. By the same token, the restraining power of the United States has prevented, and will undoubtedly continue to prevent, violent action by Britain at Suez.

Finally, the accuracy of predictions that time works against us and for the Russians in the Middle East is unproven. Such assertions are certainly premature. From positions like Jordan it may still be possible to create a favorable balance of power within the region. The military, meanwhile, has found new bases for those lost or imperiled; Wheelus Field in Libya is one of the several partial substitutes for fields along the Canal zone. Still more important, rapid advances in military and aviation technology are rendering positions that seemed vital ten years ago less and less significant. Continuing development of intercontinental bombers and missiles will necessarily accentuate this trend.

Time may also allow the elaboration of extractive processes, making it feasible, should war come, for ourselves and our allies to do without Middle Eastern petroleum; meantime, barring outright Russian aggression, our wells there are no more insecure than they were during the Iranian dispute. Even the Suez crisis, which no one can presently see in perspective, serves to emphasize the alternatives, troublesome and costly as they may appear, that lie open to men genuinely anxious to avoid war.

Short of a full rapprochement with the Soviet bloc, of course, our problems will continue to tax our time and intelligence. They must also remind sensitive men everywhere of the tragedy that infests a region where young states are made the pawns of power politics, where men have far too little with which to nourish mind and body, and die before their time.

THE REAL DEBATE

Choose Your Weapons

ROBERT C. GOOD

IT IS WORTH noting that this nation's military policy, present and future, has been one of the neglected issues in the Presidential campaign. Both parties, of course, have mentioned it, but the trouble is that after an opening salvo or two, the real debate on military policy has fizzled—with the obvious exception, of course, of the debate about suspending further tests of the H-bomb.

There are, in fact, three other basic issues concerning the future of our defense establishment; not one of them has received the discussion it deserves during the campaign. First, how much reliance should we place on the new nuclear weapons (A-bombs and H-bombs) and the means for carrying them (rockets and long-range planes) and, on the other hand, how much reliance should we place on conventional weapons? Second, what level of strength should we maintain in our forces overseas in order to man our bases and service our alliances? Third, is there any way in which we can economize on defense expenditures without impairing our defense establishment?

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THESE ISSUES must be assessed in the light of two revolutionary facts, the first of which is the revolution in world power relations since World War II. In 1945 the United States entered the fabled "postwar world" fully expecting it would look the way the ads in *Life* magazine had pictured it—GI's returning home to smiling wives at garden gates, to children starched and pressed, and to modern homes and gleaming cars, with the cares of the world now

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done with—in short, a world at peace. The United States demobilized. For one or two years we lived in this never-never land. Then we discovered that the ads in *Life* were wrong. The Soviet Union did not demobilize when the fighting stopped, and our momentary withdrawal from the world only facilitated her plans for expansion.

When the new threat was made clear to us in Iran and Greece and Turkey, in Berlin and, finally, in Korea, we discovered that the fate of the free world had been thrust into our hands. The power of Britain and France had faded in hard-won victory, while that of Japan and Germany had been vaporized in total defeat. America and Russia now faced each other as super-powers. We rebuilt our defense establishment. We developed alliances with forty-two countries. We established more than one hundred bases overseas to contain the Soviet military threat.

This revolution in world power relationships is linked to the second revolution: that which is now taking place in military methods. It began with the explosion of the A-bombs which brought the second world war to an end. A revolution within the revolution occurred in August, 1949 when Russia successfully completed her first nuclear fission explosion. By 1953, Russia, too, had the H-bomb.

These new weapons have transformed the basic military problem. A single hydrogen "device" was exploded at Eniwetok in the Pacific in 1953. It caused an entire island to disappear, leaving a crater one hundred and seventy-five feet deep. In the event of a big war, the fallout from bombs dropped on Soviet atomic production facilities in southeast Siberia would be carried south on the prevailing winds, causing, in the opinion of one expert, "India and Burma to cease to exist as population centers." A single hydrogen bomb (three thousand times more powerful than the Hiroshima explosion) could wipe out all life on the British Isles. As one sadistic wit remarked, these weapons come in three sizes: small, medium, and where did everyone go?

With the increasing potency of the bombs themselves has developed, too, the effectiveness of our means of carrying them. Long-range, intercontinental bombers —our B-52's for example—can now carry their lethal pay-loads from bases located within the U. S. to Soviet targets and return non-stop. Russian bombers, of course, are capable of the same performance, commuting in the other direction.

Within five to ten years the intercontinental ballistic missile will have been perfected. Armed with a hydrogen warhead, it will move twenty to twenty-five times faster than sound, traveling like a giant shell, rising to between five and eight hundred miles above the earth before nosing down to its target. It will cross the Atlantic in twenty to thirty minutes; it will threaten the destruction of any city on earth; and it will be the most "unstoppable" weapon yet devised.

These fantastic devices have transformed the basic problem of war, which traditionally has been: how to attain victory. Obviously all-out nuclear warfare presents us, as President Eisenhower (ungrammatically but powerfully) once said, "only the alternative in degrees of destruction." The only available victory in a hydrogen war would be, in Winston Churchill's words, "victory on a heap of ruins."

IRONICALLY, these gloomy prospects have themselves given rise to a slim hope—a big war may be prevented by the knowledge that neither side can obliterate the other without itself being obliterated. In short, our ability to retaliate massively and Russia's ability to do likewise thus result in Churchill's "balance of terror," in which the prospect of mutual annihilation gives birth to a tentative kind of security.

One of the most useful results of the meeting of heads of state at Geneva in 1955 was the acknowledgment by both sides that this "balance of terror" made big wars unthinkable. The proviso must always be added, however, that the balance will be maintained only as long as we do not fall behind in the development of nuclear weapons and the means of transporting them.

Maintaining a balance of nuclear power, however, raises another set of problems. If prevention of the big war depends upon the development of the nuclear weapons which are the means of massive, mutual deterrence, what about the requirements for coping with small wars? We must also be ready to cope with, let us say, a Communist-inspired civil war in Germany or a renewal of fighting in Indochina. In addition to the potential for "massive retaliation," we need a defense program which can also make available "measured retaliation." These facts, then, would seem to indicate that we must maintain high levels of strength, not only in nuclear weapons and the means of delivering them, but also in conventional weapons—foot soldiers, mortars and tanks.

THE BILL, of course, for such double preparedness comes high. So there arises the temptation to find less expensive short-cuts like the much discussed "plate glass" strategy. The United States would maintain in the field, Western Europe for example, only enough troops to confront the enemy with a "plate glass" window. Then we advise the enemy that if he attacks and breaks the "plate glass," he will be hit with everything in our nuclear arsenal.

This is an intriguing, money-saving suggestion, but it has several weaknesses. One is that the enemy is

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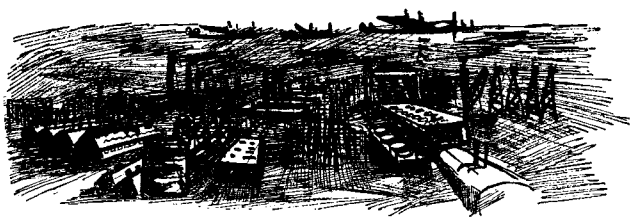
not likely to believe us. He attacked in Korea and Indochina, but no one dropped the big bomb—since, with some reasonableness, we wished to contain these wars, not expand them. Another weakness in this proposal is that our allies are understandably reluctant to have atomic weapons used in their own back yards. A third weakness is that the mass withdrawal of our troops from overseas bases would have a disastrously demoralizing effect on our allies, raising the incidence of neutralism and touching off demobilizations throughout Western Europe. It would mean to our allies that we would be willing to fight, not from free-world soil for free-world defense, but from Fortress America for the defense of America. It would mean, said General Alfred Gruenther, retiring commander of NATO, another "liberation strategy" for Europe. "They've had one liberation," says General Gruenther, "and they don't want another."

Another intriguing possibility for cutting the defense budget is to develop "low-yield" nuclear weapons—that is, nuclear weapons with relatively small destructive power—as substitutes for conventional arms for the waging of limited wars. This is an interesting idea about which we do not as yet know enough. We do know, however, that a year ago, war games with low-yield nuclear weapons were conducted in Louisiana. The umpires, following the theoretical explosion of just seventy devices, ruled that all life had "ceased to exist" in Louisiana. The remark was passed at the time that "for countries the size of Louisiana, such as Greece or Portugal, destruction on this scale could hardly be called 'limited war.' "

The issues concerning military policy must, then, be viewed in the light of these facts. A revolution in world power relationships has set America and Soviet Russia against one another, with America bearing the major share of responsibility for free world defense. A revolution in military methods has transformed our military concepts, lessening the threat of a big war as long as we maintain a par with Russia in the development of weapons and carriers, but making more difficult the task of coping with brush-fire wars or using force for limited ends. In this situation the pressures to economize are great, but if budget cuts mean sacrificing our alliances by pulling back large numbers of troops or decreasing our ability to meet any type of military advance, we will end up losing in security what we gain in reduced defense expenditures.

OUR MILITARY policy is both more than a partisan campaign issue, and less than one. It is more than a partisan issue in that we must arrive at a bipartisan understanding of our security requirements and responsibilities in this revolutionary age. It is less than a partisan issue in that there is considerable disagreement within each party. When Admiral Radford, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, was reported to favor reducing our armed services by 800,000 men, which would, in effect, mean liquidating most of our overseas commitments, the report was greeted by anguished cries not only from Democrats but from highly-placed officials within the Republican Administration. While Air Secretary Donald Quarles remained fully satisfied with our progress in the development of guided missiles, his Assistant Secretary, Trevor Gardner, resigned in protest some months ago over what he called a "bureaucratic Noah's Ark" in which circumspection and budget balancing prevail over speed and progress.



Nor is there clear evidence that the Democrats, for their part, have reached unanimity on defense policy. They deplore what they call the Administration's reliance on "one weapon defense" leading to a policy of "massive retaliation," but the Democratic platform itself calls for armed forces "clearly superior in modern weapons," while remaining silent on the importance of maintaining balanced forces capable of fighting less-than-total wars. Democrats complain about the retreat to Fortress America which they think is implied in the Administration's reliance on nuclear weapons and intercontinental bombers; yet a majority of Democrats in Congress, despite loud protests from the Administration, engineered a $900,000,000 boost in appropriations for long-range bombers.

No one can argue with Admiral Radford when he reminds us that "the impact of revolutionary changes in weapons . . . is difficult to appraise and there can be honest differences of opinion in regard to this matter. . . ." Nor with Adlai Stevenson when he recently called for a ". . . re-examination of our military policy in the light of the recent extraordinary changes in military technology. . . ."

Perhaps it is a little naive, but one would think that the campaign might have offered a unique opportunity for a serious "re-examination" of our policy and an airing of "honest differences" on the basic issues of nuclear vs. conventional armed strength, our responsibility to our overseas commitments, and the relationship of military spending to budgetary considerations. At any rate, on just such a re-examination may well depend, in the phrase of the Declaration of Independence, "our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

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INTERNATIONAL, NOT SUPRA-NATIONAL

SAY "United Nations" and see what happens. One small group of Americans lights up. For them the UN is our one tangible hope of survival in a world menaced by total destruction. They support the organization with an almost religious fervor. Another small group, violently opposed, is just as passionate. "Get the U. S. out of the UN and the UN out of the U. S." is their call to arms. They seem to look on the United Nations as an enemy outpost set down on American soil.

Most people stand somewhere in the middle, neither all-out supporters nor bitter opponents. They may go for months without giving a thought to the matter, but if you press they will admit that the United Nations has done some good. As likely as not though, they will add quickly that only a fool would depend on the organization in a showdown.

This middle group remains skeptical. They certainly do not go along with the bitter anathemas of UN-opponents but still cast a cold eye on the claims made for the organization by its more ardent supporters.

Talk about the UN is often lofty, highminded talk. Words like world peace, the brotherhood of man and international friendship keep popping up. The passionate supporters of the organization often speak of it as if it were something like a church, above the rivalries and self-interest of nations. They talk as if in the United Nations men the world over had found at least one representative to speak for them not as Indians, Russians, Americans or Poles but simply as men. Yet most Americans note that when an issue arises, the Soviet delegation is primarily concerned with the interests of the USSR, the British with British interests, the Arabs with Arab interests, etc. As long as the UN operates not as a supra-national body dedicated to all mankind but as an international organization composed of separate, self-serving political units, the lofty rhetoric will continue to fall on deaf ears.

It seems possible that in their zeal for international cooperation the UN-enthusiasts may have oversold their case. By speaking of the organization in essentially supra-national terms they may have led people to expect more than the United Nations can give. Some fervorinos, for instance, sound as if the UN had made nationalism a thing of the past. It has not.

Nationalism remains the heart of world politics. The best that can be said for the UN is that it may have tempered nationalistic zeal. The rugged individualism of the old-style nationalism, like the "public-be-damned" mentality of the old-style capitalism, may finally become a thing of the past. The capitalists came to look on altruism as enlightened self-interest. The nations may come to believe something like that about worldwide cooperation, but we still have a long way to go. However enlightened they may become, nations will remain nations. In or out of the UN, they will continue to act like nations.

Those who expect the nations in the UN to transcend nationalism and national interests seem doomed to disappointment. When they speak of the world organization as if it were a supra-national representation of mankind, they are asking for something no nation or group of nations ever gives, selfless service, disinterested devotion to mankind-in-general, self-abnegation. One might look to a gathering of saints and humanitarians for these things, but hardly to an organization of nations.

The steamed-up enemies of the UN usually state their objections as if in opposing the UN they were fighting world government and anti-nationalism. They have chosen the wrong terms. In opposing the UN, they are not truly opposing world government or even a tendency in that direction. In fact the violently anti-UN people might not be quite so violent if they thought the U. S. could relinquish some of its sovereignty to a truly non-nationalistic body. But their very vehemence is due to the fact that they don't for a minute believe that the UN is such a body. As they see it, any sovereignty that is lost by belonging to the UN is not relinquished to a non-nationalistic world body but to a group of rival nations. It is not a question of choosing supra-nationalism over nationalism but of choosing one's own nationalism over another. Every right or privilege we give up strengthens some other nationalism. There is no non-nationalistic body to surrender nationalistic privileges to; there is only this body of nations called the UN.

Once the distinction between the UN as an international body and the UN as a supra-national body is made, some of the difficulties are cleared up. Neither too much nor too little is expected then. The UN can not bear the weight of what would be expected from a truly supra-national body. Once it is accepted as an international body, more realistic appraisal is possible. All that is asked of it then is that it do what an organization of self-serving nations can do, agree to disagree.

In the age of the hydrogen bomb, just to succeed at this may be a great accomplishment, the difference between life and death. When the Abbé Sieyès was asked what he did during the Napoleonic wars he answered, "I survived." If civilized man can answer the same way after the Cold War, much of the credit will belong to the UN. —JOHN COGLEY.

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The Executive As Hero

JOHN P. SISK

IT IS WIDELY believed that the view of existence in the modern world makes it impossible for the hero to exist. He lies in his glory at Troy, Brunanburh, at Roncesvalles, nor is any resurrection likely: men think too meanly of themselves in these complex, self-doubting and mercenary times. Now we tolerate the hero only in comic strips, horse-operas, fantasy fiction, historical romances and daydreams, where no one is expected to take him seriously. Few regret his passing, for the figure that bestrides the narrow world like a colossus is a threat to our comfortable materialism.

Thus the argument goes, but of course it is wrong. The hero—the man who achieves supremely, winning honor at great personal risk against formidable opposition in a field of action upon which men place great value—is never dead. Every age recreates him in forms it can accept, thrills to his image and pays him homage in appropriate but ever differing terms. It is only necessary that he be properly disguised and trained away from embarrassing out-of-date antics. Let him, for instance, slay no fire-breathing dragons and blind no one-eyed giants when the temper of the times asks him only to confront intrepidly the nauseating absurdity of existence.

The editors of *Fortune* may not see it this way, but they have nevertheless recently made available a dossier on an important mid-century incarnation of the hero as corporation executive (*The Executive Life*. Doubleday. $3.50). Thanks to their immense facilities for information gathering, they are able to satisfy our curiosity about their subject to a degree that might have made an epic poet jealous. We learn how the executive-hero gets his job, how much he is paid, how he gets a raise, how he delegates authority, how he cooperates and coordinates, how he makes decisions, what his motives, fears and tensions are, how he gets fired, rehired and retired. It is all good to know. Hidden away from us as the executive is—behind oak doors, in exclusive clubs, withdrawn to suburb or exurb beyond reach of smog or subway—and denied the notice given his more flamboyant counterparts in politics or entertainment, one forgets how strikingly his characteristics are those of the traditional hero.

For the executive-hero asserts himself in an activity where the competition is fierce and the risk great. This makes for hypertension and ulcers, but it also charges the air with the excitement the hero needs to be at his best. Besides, say the editors of *Fortune,* "in the opinion of leading psychiatrists, a healthy executive simply does not break down from overwork." It appears, in fact, that the executive, like all true heroes, does not even think he is overworked, no matter how hard he works. His doctor, wife or children may think so, but all he knows is that he works as hard as he can, from sixty to eighty hours a week, which is the way he wants it.

And despite public pronouncements to the contrary, says *Fortune,* "the corporation does everything it can to encourage the speedup." "You promote the guy who takes his problems home with him," an executive puts it bluntly. Ralph Hopkins, the radio corporation executive in *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit,* speaks to Tom Rath with the authentic accents of the hero: "*Somebody has to do the big jobs!* This world was built by men like me! To really do a job, you have to live it, body and soul! You people who just give half your mind to your work are riding on our backs!"

THIS IS as it should be: we expect the hero to be the completely committed man, to whom his work is his life. The executive is so committed. To all that is not work—sport, hobbies, social affairs—he tends to apply the yardstick of business relevance. "Increasingly, play that is play and no more, irritates him." One *Fortune* survey reveals the "surprising" fact that corporation executives don't particularly like community activity, though they will plunge into civic work with gusto if, as with bankers and merchants, it is part of their job. And like Ulysses as Tennyson conceives him, they hate the prospect of retirement to the still hearth, the barren crags, the aged wife—they who have drunk delight of battle with their peers.

Even the executive's motives for this single-minded devotion are heroic. Fealty to superiors and corporation and a desire to improve the human condition may be factors, but the chief motives are likely to be more personal. Only in degree, says *Fortune,* have his drives "changed from those that have always characterized leaders, and beneath the modulated exterior of today's

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executive there often burns an ego as powerful as drove any nineteenth century buccaneer." What marks him is "a keen sense of self—a desire to control [his] environment rather than be controlled by it." Honor is his motive, to put it in traditional heroic terms; and Adler rather than Freud is the man who would make most psychologic sense to him.

It is as naive to think that the executive is primarily interested in money as it is to think that Beowulf was primarily interested in the dragon's gold hoard. The executive gets a lot of money, as he no doubt should, and he spends a good deal of time wondering how he can get more, for "in business it is fatal to take a dim view of money." He is acutely sensitive about his salary, particularly in relation to that of fellow executives in his own corporation. But this is not because he is mercenary. Primarily, his salary is a matter of honor, and a matter of being able to maintain the style proper to a hero, which is also a matter of honor.

We must understand all this if we are not to be shocked by the discovery that "practically every executive can be persuaded sooner or later to leave his company, no matter how high his rank or how well satisfied he may be in his work." The revelation is shocking because corporations make so much of loyalty, and because the executives themselves are the ones who articulate the loyalty code. But one reason why they make so much of it is because they are aware of their class's heroic egotism.

With heroes, C. M. Bowra tells us in his *Heroic Poetry,* the cause tends to be of secondary importance; it is only an occasion to realize and display heroic qualities. *Fortune* agrees: the true executive resists the corporation's attempt to envelop him; "unless he is the top man who is doing the enveloping, he remains always a potential rebel." So the company-jumping executive has heroic precedent on his side, and for all the immediate hard feelings a shift in corporations may occasion, the chances are good that he will gain rather than lose stature.

NO HERO has an easy time of it, of course, but this hero must make his mark in especially irritating circumstances. The income-tax laws and the modern prejudice against undisguised heroics force him to modify the forthright heroic style he naturally tends to. With a heroic preference for his own judgment and an urge to dominate his environment, he is caught up in a way of life that expects him to subordinate himself to the corporation and its mission of profit making. And while it is true that the corporation may act as a brake on the executive's ego and protect him from the hubristic pratfall that will hurt them both, it is still a constant irritant to one who constitutionally wants to be for himself. Often a good deal of his time "is devoted to finding the right pattern to conform to." He must promote harmony and loyalty: team play is the thing. He must learn to be permissive, non-authoritarian, to ask a subordinate to do something rather than order him. And around him is the melancholy prospect of a softening younger generation, interested in security, convinced that "the group way is the best way."

Not only is it harder for him than it was for the old-style hero to get others to believe in him, but it is harder for him to believe in himself. His complex society may place great value on business, but it nevertheless torments him with too many imperatives, and can easily divide him with guilt and self-doubt. Is he sacrificing his family to his work? Is he turning into a yes-man? Is his whole effort misdirected? Is he really a materialist? Are his interests too narrow? Is he disloyal? Is his refusal to be disloyal only the mask of his insecurity and fear? Should he relax more? Is his immense largesse nothing more than enlightened selfishness?

All this self-searching makes life hard for the hero. But hardest of all, perhaps, is the reluctance of the artist class to celebrate his deeds. The hero has fallen on evil times indeed when writers reject the epic subject he offers them. The writers he would choose, and many of those he would not, have mocked his heroic optimism, scoffed at his vision, questioned his motives, ridiculed his total commitment and desecrated his idols.

The editors of *Fortune* (and their city cousins, the editors of *Time* and *Life*) can be quite sharp about this: "Few American executives," they say, "bear resemblance to the caricatures that have been presented in films, novels and other imaginative works." Yet what may strike the reader of *The Executive Life* is how much of it has already, and often, been said by novelists of such various merit as Dreiser, Norris, Anderson, Lewis, Wolfe, Huxley, Weidman, Wakeman and Marquand—granted the inevitable selection and heightening of material and granted, if you will, their often considerable ignorance of and lack of sympathy with the business world.

In any event, this refusal of the writers to take the executive-hero at his own evaluation, to respond to his achievement with the elevated style so necessary to heroic narrative, is a bitter frustration. Does not even the hero need to see a recognizable image of himself in order to believe in himself, and to believe that his achievement will continue to inspire belief? But no hero more than this one has been bound to time and change, nor feared more the prospect of merely having been. How can he continue to *be* if no one will tell his story? Perhaps in his own terms he asks the fearful question: Who more than Homer made Achilles?

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THE SCREEN

THE CLEVER BOOBS

WHILE THE movies, from the days of Buster Keaton, Charlie Chaplin and Harold Lloyd right up to Bob Hope and Danny Kaye, have celebrated the Great American Boob who always bumbles through a series of adventures and then finally wins out over the wise guys, they have seldom concentrated on the female clown. Outstanding portrayer of this role in our times is Judy Holliday, who started playing the clever boob in "Born Yesterday" and has since then perfected the part. And she is at her best in "The Solid Gold Cadillac." This movie presented quite a challenge to Miss Holliday, for the George S. Kaufman-Howard Teichmann stage play, although rather thin, was brilliantly played by Josephine Hull in the role of the naive busybody who exhausts and outsmarts a big business corporation. Judy meets the challenge, and though her performance is different, it it is every bit as refreshing as Josephine's.

She was fortunate in having Abe Burrows write the script; not only did Burrows successfully adapt the stage play to the cinematic medium and change the lead role to fit Miss Holliday's age and talents (Laura Partridge is now an "unemployed" New York actress) but he also added some very amusing dialogue and situations of his own. Judy Holliday, who has perfect timing and knows how to make even an unfunny joke win a chuckle, goes to town on the witty lines in "The Solid Gold Cadillac." She wins our affection by making Laura, who owns only ten shares of stock, seem like a dumb bunny when she wanders into the stockholders' meetings and asks the astutely naive questions that throw International Projects' board of directors into a dither. Since the directors, who are using the company for their own gains now that their former president (Paul Douglas) is in Washington as a dollar-a-year man, can't kill a troublesome stockholder, they decide to acquire her. In no time she's writing the small stockholders, exchanging recipes and collecting their proxies—proxies which come in very handy later in the plot when she and honest Paul Douglas join forces and oust the crooks.

Under Richard Quine's well-paced direction, the cast is excellent right down the line, starting with Judy and Paul, both of whom have a nice, simple-though-smart approach to the roles of lambs determined to lick big business wolves, to John Williams, Fred Clark, Hiram Sherman and others as shady big shots, and Neva Patterson, Arthur O'Connell and others as office workers and hangers-on. Big business gets a well-deserved ribbing, and so does some of the involved politics of Washington. All in all, "The Solid Gold Cadillac" is one of those rare movies that's funnier than the play and solid gold through and through.

BIG BUSINESS also comes in for comic treatment, although of a more serious kind, in "The Power and the Prize," for which Robert Ardrey based his script on Howard Swiggett's novel. On the whole, it's a good script, but much too crowded with a variety of themes, any one of which could have been the subject of a movie by itself. Its main plot concerns a business executive (Robert Taylor) who's being groomed for the top job and who is sent to England to pull a shady deal on an unsuspecting and somewhat fading English company. In England, Taylor is not only charmed by the gentlemanly head (Cedric Hardwicke) of the company he's supposed to gyp, but he's completely won by an Austrian refugee (delightfully played by German actress Elisabeth Mueller in her first American film). When Taylor returns to New York, he has to break off his engagement to his boss's niece, arrange to have the Austrian brought to the United States and smooth the way for his own future with the boss.

Unfortunately, Director Henry Koster let Burl Ives play this role of the powerful big shot as the worst kind of menace. Ives is so frightening in the role that it's impossible to believe that anyone, with good or bad standards, could accept him as a friend or associate. For some reason his wife (Mary Astor) still loves him even after he's defeated. As a matter of fact, most of the people in this film become black-or-white types rather than real people working out the many involved problems. This is also, by the way, the first black-and-white film in CinemaScope, and while Nicholas Nayfack's production is good, the wide-screen CinemaScope seems pointless. In spite of weaknesses, however, "The Power and the Prize" is bound to hold your interest and will certainly startle you every now and then with some of its statements about the English, the grey-flannel-suit boys and life in general.

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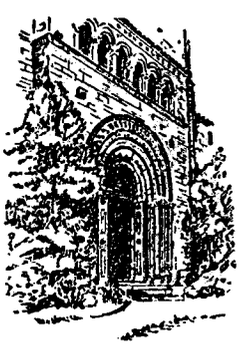

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Within Our Most Elaborate Literary Construction

PROUST. By J. M. Cocking. Yale University Press. $2.50.

By WALLACE FOWLIE

WITH THE publication of the recently discovered manuscripts, *Jean Santeuil* and *Contre Sainte-Beuve,* criticism on Proust has entered a new phase. Under the editorship of a young scholar, Bernard de Fallois, *Jean Santeuil* was published in three volumes in 1952. It is an early version of *A la recherche du temps perdu,* and is named after the obvious precursor of Marcel. Two years later, in 1954, M. de Fallois published fragments of an essay dealing with Sainte-Beuve's critical method and passages on some of the fictional characters in the celebrated novel. Professor Cocking's study of Proust, limited to a mere eighty pages, in adherence to the uniform size of the excellent series in which it appears, "Studies in Modern European Literature and Thought," is a succinct essay, the first to consider in detail Proust's novel in relationship to these earlier versions or exercises. Several critics have already reported on the separate works, *Jean Santeuil* and *Contre Sainte-Beuve,* but Mr. Cocking is the first to draw extensively and continuously on them in his analysis of *A la recherche.*

This method, both justifiable and necessary, places the novel in a new perspective. Mr. Cocking's essay is a study of Proust's material, of how it was composed and recomposed, and a study at the same time of Proust's manner. Three kinds of writers are analyzed as focal influences on the development of this manner: romantic idealists, such as Baudelaire; the more sociologically-minded Saint-Simon and Balzac; and finally the more purely psychological writer, such as La Bruyère. In his treatment of Proust's literary ancestors and models, Mr. Cocking is as judiciously consistent as he is in his admirable treatment of *Jean Santeuil* and *Contre Sainte-Beuve.* He does not relegate to one part of his book the literary sources of his author, and to another part the early writings. Whatever he calls upon in terms of documentation is constantly employed and progressively illuminated. The essay is not an arbitrarily divided book on the writer and his work. It is an essay of one piece, every sentence of which bears upon the literary creation of Proust, and which unfolds as the novel itself unfolds, with no relinquishing of any parts gained and explored. The "Reference-Points" in Chapter Two, which refer to the many literary figures used by Proust (Bergson, Emerson, Ruskin, Baudelaire, Racine, Balzac, etc.) are as closely integrated in the explanation of the novel as are the passages on Combray and Swann.

The publication of *Jean Santeuil* and *Contre Sainte-Beuve* has helped to prove, for Professor Cocking, the remarkable unity of Marcel Proust as man and writer. He was not first the cultivated amateur and then suddenly at a later time the great writer. His life can be studied by us now as steady developing and maturing. The reason for his life was always the goal of being a writer. We now have more permanent proof that his life was a long reflection on the real meaning of the act of writing. Proust was critic and aesthetician as well as novelist.

In *Jean Santeuil* are prefigured Proust's preoccupation with time, the power of memory, the effect of a musical phrase which keeps reoccurring, the memories and emotions contained within a material object, the presence of an imagined place appearing more real to a character than the actual place where he is. These early attempts at organizing themes and sketches, and sometimes passages that are more than sketches, are looked upon by such a critic as Mr. Cocking not merely as preparatory writing for the masterpiece, but as representative of Proust's life-long effort to articulate his thoughts, to rediscover the truth of things. This critic moves easily in a labyrinth, inside one of the most elaborate literary constructions of all time. His study will help to make, after a rereading, the work of Proust more accessible.

The anguished conscience of Proust was always the basis of his experience. His was a mind which clung to its lucidity, which examined the very force that was tricking him, which knew fully and tragically what was blinding him. It was an anguish which never blotted out the artist's intelligence. The exceptions to this almost perpetual anguish were the (now celebrated) states of feeling brought on by a *madeleine* cake dipped in tea, the three trees, the steeples of Martinville, the pavement of the Guermantes' courtyard. The exceptional character of these states of feeling was their power of ravishment, their power to dispel worry and anguish. To enter upon one of these states was for Proust to know ecstasy.

The writing of *A la recherche* filled approximately fifteen years of Proust's life, from 1907 to 1922, between his thirty-sixth and fifty-first year. The signal service which Mr. Cocking's book performs is to demonstrate how Proust's sufferings and disillusions provided his novel with its richly orchestrated themes. It is possible to perceive, to some degree at least, how he obeyed a secretly-formulated plan for a work which, once completed, reflected and sustained all the initial episodes and characters and motifs. Today all perceptible distance between Proust and his work has disappeared. The gardens of Combray, the seashore at Balbec, the streets and the *salons* of Paris were all created by the imagination of Proust, and that world today has for us the consistency of dreams. It is obsessive and seductive. It is a warning as well as a novel. Montaigne once wrote that his book was consubstantial with its author. A similar claim can be made for Proust, who believed that the creation of the artist and the existence of the man are so mingled that they can never be disassociated.

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Mixed Motives for Dubious Beliefs

THE SIDE OF THE ANGELS. By Jean-Louis Curtis. Translated by Humphrey Hare. Putnam. $4.50.

By EDWIN KENNEBECK

THE NOVEL of ideas is sometimes said to be a contradiction in terms, since novels are supposed to be about people. One way of attacking the problem is that used by Jean-Louis Curtis in *The Side of the Angels*. It is a novel about people with ideas, and in it M. Curtis takes for his theme the question of what causes people to have their peculiar convictions. In this case the people are Parisians, trying to find their ideological and material ways in the time just after World War II, when those who can say they "resisted"—whether from true fortitude or happy circumstance—are reaping their rewards in favors and prestige, and when real or alleged collaborators are being recklessly pursued and ostracized and punished.

M. Curtis asks his question early in the book: "What are these 'opinions' for which so many men are prepared to sacrifice their quiet, their happiness, their life itself . . .? Many believe that they are fighting and dying for an idea, when in reality they are fighting and dying to avenge a father's humiliation, compensate for an unhappy childhood, escape from the torments of remorse, affirm their own courage or genius. . . ." Two hundred pages later he introduces a minor character, a nameless novelist who appears only once to say, "It would be interesting to explore, from the point of view of a novelist, the how and the why of political choice, and the psychological bases, social and religious, for that choice. . . . It leads to some pretty important problems: the relations of the individual to society, the world and the individual, truth and playing a part. . . ."

M. Curtis has created four principal characters, and several others of less importance, each with a distinctive set of convictions and, of course, a special personality to go with it. There is François Donadieu, a compassionate, timid Protestant, who had found a way out of a dull and unhappy marriage by going to England to serve with General de Gaulle, but who finds he can say, "The fate of society doesn't interest me." He comes at last to realize that he is "on the side of the weakest. . . . not from conviction but from instinct. . . ." There is his friend and insistent burden, Roland Oyarzun, who calls himself a nationalist. He is an obsessed, ranting man condemned to five years of "National Indignity" for collaboration during the war; after the shock of learning that he, so long and so loudly anti-Semitic, is the son of a Jewish father, he undergoes an ideological conversion and goes off to Indochina, where he is killed. The two other principal figures are Odilon Bernard, a handsome, hedonistic, intense, Jewish magazine editor who belongs to the "non-Communist left" and believes that one's motives are unimportant if the results are

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good; and Thibault Fontanes, a witty young writer who remains pleasantly uncommitted to any program.

The novel explores their careers, their loves and marriages, their encounters with each other and their arguments through a period from the end of the war to 1950, and—in flashbacks—it sketches their early formative years. Into this web of convictions and purposes and events are woven references to the names and institutions that characterized France before, during, and after the war. André Gide is discussed; there occur the names of Maurras, Montherlant, Bernanos, Mauriac, Malraux, Sartre. Political discussions are carried on at the Café de Flore and at the Deux Magots.

Other names — from Edwige Feuillère to Juliette Greco—add their connotations to the time and the place. In one scene Curtis describes "a new version of the pre-war priest militant: the anti-clerical, Gallican, Marxist priest" who finds it "more amusing to be an Abbé concerned with meetings and newspaper offices than . . . to be a Bernanos country priest or a worker-priest." Occasionally there are references too special for the Common Reader in this country; a fairly good knowledge of French politics and culture is often assumed.

The plot—such as there is—is sprawling and difficult to summarize; what we have is a development and explanation of the characters' points of view and their situations in life, and extended transcripts of their conversations, along with a modest filling of the author's comment on the meaning of it all. The author's remarks are modest in tone but nonetheless a little too insistent; his "theme" of mixed motives and dubious convictions comes to the surface early and often, so that one has no sense of "buried" significance, no waited-for epiphany to cast a steady light on all that has gone before. For this reason *The Side of the Angels,* which is long, seems every bit as long as it is.

M. Curtis writes with authority and intelligence, sometimes with wit and sometimes with heavy, self-conscious humor. His novel seems very close to life, and he arranges it in a manner that is close to art. At least two of his characters "emerge," manifest a kind of self-generating energy: the wildest, who is Oyarzun, with his paranoiac, pitiful tirades and his hatred (reciprocated) for his mother; and the sanest, who is Thibault Fontanes, wry and calm—at one point he writes, in a letter, about a German sniper: "a boy with flat blond hair fires at us from a hedge. . . . We arrest him. Then he wakes from the long German dream, raises his frightened eyes to us, recognizes his defeat and takes refuge in tears. We give him chocolate."

The Side of the Angels (titled in French *Les Justes Causes*) is a novel that, because of its nature and its scope, vacillates almost palpably between the two elements that it tries to integrate: between the complexities of human personality and the number and variety of real public events—between drama and a kind of historical encyclopedism. It is full of lively colors and energies that do not, in the long run, coalesce. It is an ambitious and admirable work, with no pervading incandescence but with its own intermittent lights.

Between Novel and Travel Book

THE LIVING LOTUS. By Ethel Mannin. Putnam. $3.75.

By JAMES GREENE

THE HEROINE of Ethel Mannin's latest novel is a young girl whose father, Christopher Finching, is an English forestry officer and whose mother is a native Burmese. Although they live in Burma where Finching is stationed, it is the father's intention that his daughter, Jenny, will be sent to England when she is old enough and attend the good old English schools. Meanwhile, he is careful to shield her as much as possible from the contaminating effects of her mother.

But with the outbreak of the Second World War, Finching's wife is killed, he is imprisoned by the invading Japanese and the five-year-old Jenny falls into the hands of a kindly Burmese family who bring her up. Ten years later, she is thoroughly Burmese, and marries a local native boy. She is prepared to spend the rest of her life in the small village. Christopher Finching, however, shortly after the end of hostilities, returns to "claim" his daughter. It is a little difficult to believe that any father would consider the ten years he has been separated from a young child as just so much delay in his plans for her education. And there was in Finching as we knew him before the war nothing to indicate this streak of what not even the greatest Anglophile would soften to "eccentricity."

He tricks Jenny into believing her mother is still alive and offers to fly her to London for a visit. Once there, of course, he will find ways of detaining her.

The "plot" aside, we are treated, in the Burma portion of this book, to a meticulously detailed account of Burmese life. We are given every rubric in every religious ritual. Every superstition, doubt and article of faith that ever ran through a Burmese skull finds its way eventually through Jenny Finching's. And while it is clear that Miss Mannin is extremely fascinated with Burma and its customs, it is equally clear that a book bearing that fascination like a disfiguring birth-mark should *not* have been a novel. It might have been a first-rate travel book, for Miss Mannin writes with feeling about the small villages and the everyday life of the Burmese, and she can marshal a formidable number of facts about them.

But against such a background of cascading information about Burma, a novel is apt to grow damp and soggy, and, in fact, the poor Finchings have all they can do to keep their heads above water. Christopher Finching is a somewhat dowdy per-

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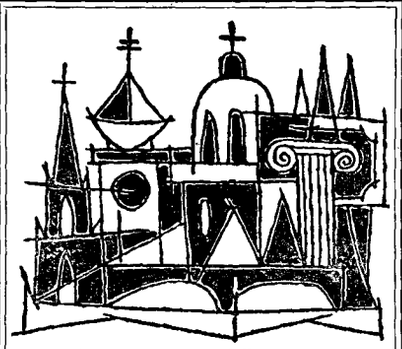

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sonality and a crusty parent. But he is not an idiot who would destroy his married daughter's happiness to bring her up an English schoolgirl. One feels he is forced against his own nature in the pages of this novel to establish the conflict between East and West we are promised on the dust jacket, that conflict which, by any violation of the unities it requires, we are going to get.

Jenny arrives in London, and she is forced to remain there until Miss Mannin can get all her research notes into the story. There are long tedious arguments about Buddhism and Christianity by half-hearted adherents of each. And even in London nothing is said between the characters that is not filtered through the fine sift of a Burmese phrase-book. Christopher on his deathbed in a London flat is made to remark "I shall not return" in Burmese, with the English translation following it in parenthesis.

Jenny returns to Burma and her husband and one ends the book wondering why she ever had to leave it.

Korean Boyhood

THE YALU RIVER FLOWS. By Mirok Li. Michigan State University Press. $3.

By PATRICIA DONEGAN

WITH MUCH of the grave and delicate grace of an Oriental painter, Mirok Li has traced the annals of his Korean boyhood in *The Yalu Flows,* a charming little book written in a quiet, even style —deft, with touches of humor, poignancy and introspection. It is the story of a sensitive boy growing up in pre-Japanese Korea, who, through the direction of a far-seeing father, superimposes on a background of ancient Oriental culture a knowledge of Western society and culture.

The book captures the poignancy of early memories recovered in detail; it is the story of a childhood full of the warmth of a close family life in a particular culture which, even at the time, was meeting, con-

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flicting and mingling with another. With detachment and consummate descriptive skill Mr. Li shows us a protective mother, a learned and highly revered father, an impetuous cousin and a sister with a penchant for teaching. They are all vivid, realized characters, close-knit in a fashion reminiscent of Richard Church's family as he has written of them in *Over the Bridge*. It is a kind of family situation the more touching because it is coming to be, in a sense, an anachronism, whether in England or Korea.

Mr. Li's powers of description are superb. He evokes, with precise detail, the beauty of his courtyards, his house, his father's room. He describes the brooks, the melon flowers and the pale green of rocks in mountain streams. He offers a particularly engaging description of the statue of St. Mirok, a disciple of Buddha, whose name the author was given. But the slight scenes or sketches are never incomplete, never left to stand by themselves. They are the objects of perception, and their impact upon the character of the young boy lends additional meaning and interest to them.

The author's characters are given and dismissed exactly as a young boy might see them in the sequence of his boyhood. For instance, the impetuous Suam, Li's cousin, whose ineptitude at studies brings him punishment and whose mischievousness earns him a stomach ache, is a vital companion of the boy's younger years, but when the boy moves away from the home we hear no more of Suam. His tenure in this story ends with the boy's memories of him. He is replaced by other school friends who become important and, as they do so, figure vitally in the story.

The struggle between new ways and old brings flashes of humor, as when the author and Yongma, an enthusiastic student of Western ways, inspect bicycles in the town. Yongma wishes to ride one, but Li deters him. " 'It is not exactly dignified,' I replied, not quite convinced that this striking toy did come from so illustrious a place as Europe; 'after all, you do belong to an educated family.' "

There is both pathos and humor in the young boy's decision to travel to Europe by himself. He travels to Sinmak and gets a ticket to Manchuria, but he cannot bear to board the train. It is too noisy.

The story of the death of Li's father, the Japanese occupation, the days as a medical student in the crowded streets of Seoul, are all vivid units in themselves, yet part of the whole flowing current of the boy's childhood. The mixed sorrow of parting from his family and the decision to study in Europe were foreshadowed by an earlier conversation between the author and his sister.

"These are new times," I continued, "brighter ones after our long, dark sleep. A fresh breeze has awakened us. Now it is spring, after a long winter. That is what they say."

For a long while Osini seemed lost in thought and hardly listened to me. "And how far is it from us to this country which they call Europe?" she asked me at last.

"That I haven't learned yet, but it must be many times ten thousand miles."

"Once upon a time Princess Sogun married into a country without any flowers. It couldn't be there, could it?"

"No; that was only the land of the Huns."

"Do you believe they have flowers in Europe like our lilies, forsythias and azaleas?"

"I don't know."

"Do you believe they have a south wind there? Do they sit in the moonlight drinking wine in order to write poems?"

"I cannot tell."

REVIEWERS

Wallace Fowlie, a frequent contributor to The Commonweal, is on the faculty of Bennington College and editor of the forthcoming *Journals of Jean Cocteau*.

Edwin Kennebeck is on the staff of a leading New York book publishing house.

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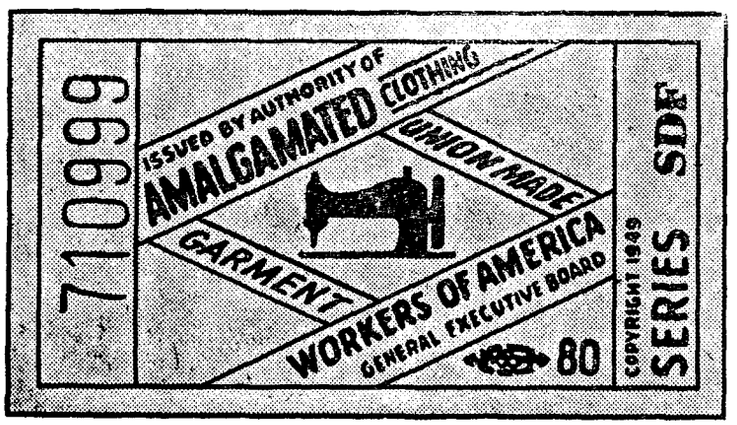

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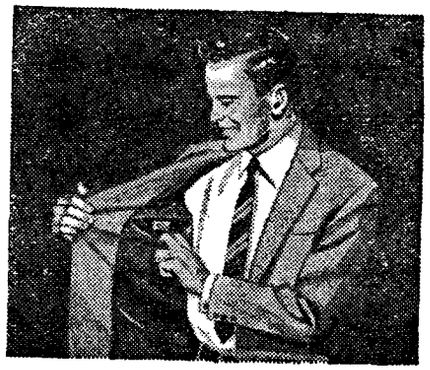

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For the New America

"If I were to put my political philosophy tonight into a single phrase, it would be this: Trust the people.

"Trust their good sense, their decency, their fortitude, their faith. Trust them with the facts. Trust them with the great decisions. And fix, as our guiding star, the passion to create a society where people can fulfill their own best selves—where no American is held down by race or color, by worldly or social status, from gaining what his character earns him as an American citizen, as a human being and as a child of God."

—*Adlai E. Stevenson*

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